

All The Angels by lenaismad

Series: [Eleven Days of Harringrove \[2\]](#)

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

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Summary:

In which Billy got into a car accident and Steve is blaming himself.

All The Angels

Author's Note:

Based on All The Angels by the one and only My Chemical Romance.

Steve was hovering again. He should have gone home hours ago. But then again, he should have done a lot of things. He should have apologized. Fuck, he shouldn't have started the fight in the first place. Maybe he would have done things differently, were it not for his indignant stubbornness and stupid sense of self-righteousness. So now he was hovering in the sterile room, listening to the soft beeping of the EKG.

Billy was getting better. Now he was conscious, at least. Well, he was high on morphine half of the time and asleep the other, but he was somehow coherent. Somehow being the key word. Once he insisted on calling Steve 'princess', then he asked for a blowjob. Later that week, Billy wouldn't stop apologizing and it shattered Steve's heart, so they sat there crying until a nurse kicked Steve out for 'causing emotional distress to the patient.' Then came a day when Billy wanted to see his mom and it left Steve wondering if Billy was aware that his mom was dead, if he wanted to go see her there, if he wished for death to finally take him. No, no, of course not – he was just delusional. But a tiny sliver of doubt did sneak its way into Steve's unconsciousness – just big enough to keep him up at night.

All in all, Steve was glad Billy was breathing. He would have never forgiven himself if he had to bury the boy. Even now, guilt ate away at his flesh, gnawed at his bones, as he looked at Billy's bandaged, bruised, broken form. Survivor's guilt, they called it. But that wasn't really it, was it? It was his fault, in one way or another. He was the reason why Billy's foot stomped down on the accelerator. He was the reason why tears blurred Billy's vision. He was the reason why Billy couldn't see the turn. He was the reason why the Camaro was irreparably trashed and why Billy was lying there, barely alive. He had every goddamn reason to blame himself. He knew very well that Billy was an angry driver. That, in his eyes, making the car go faster, faster, faster until he couldn't see, couldn't think, couldn't feel was an

equivalent of getting drunk. He shouldn't have let him get into that car, but that was a thing he considered only after he had gotten the call from Chief Hopper.

The first sight of Billy had been like looking at a living, breathing image taken from the very depths of his personal hell – the casts, the needles, the tubes, the blood, the bruised, swollen skin, the boy lingering on the brink of death. He had spent the night in an incredibly uncomfortable chair in the waiting room, though his comfort had been the last of his concerns. Fuck, he'd spent every free moment in the hospital ever since. He would have held Billy's hand, would have kissed the pain away had Billy's fingers not been broken, had his skin not been littered with wounds. And so he'd just sat there, curled into himself, whispering softly, quietly, more a prayer than a request, "Please, baby, come back to me."

Billy's father didn't even bother to come. Susan did, though. She came every day along with Steve. She sat next to him and gripped his hand. She said she was sorry and that everything would turn out to be okay. Steve rarely said anything in response, but he squeezed her hand just as hard.

But was everything going to be okay? Steve's mind kept wandering back to the fight they'd had that night. How could something so stupid, so ridiculously banal, cause destruction of such measures? He didn't even know what they had been fighting about, really – it had started innocent enough, like most fights do, up until it had morphed itself into a screaming contest of digging out old dirt so bad that it had resulted in Billy storming out and Steve slamming the door. And Steve was sorry. So, so fucking sorry.

And now he was hovering with his hand on the doorknob, looking over his shoulder and waging an internal turmoil that wouldn't let him decide between staying and finally bringing himself to leave. He needed to go home. He needed to sleep. How long has it been since he had gotten a taste of blissful oblivion? His nights were nothing but a series of scarce minutes of unconsciousness that were spoiled by dreams of cemeteries and bloodied bodies. Nightmares were unquestionably the worst part.

The indecision was over the moment he heard a soft rasping voice

call out to him from the bed. He let go of the knob and was kneeling beside Billy in a matter of mere seconds.

"Steve?" Billy squinted slightly, as if he was trying to make his eyes focus on the boy in front of him.

"Here," Steve whispered, "right here."

Billy smiled softly, or at least he tried to make his mouth curl up at the corners, though his muscles did not work the way they used to – the stitches wouldn't let them. He flexed his fingers weakly, and Steve carefully slipped his own in between Billy's scarred ones.

"Take me home, Steve," Billy pleaded, marvelling over their interlaced hands.

"I will. God, I will. Just wait for a little longer. You need to get better. Then I'll take you away from here," Steve promised. His voice became hoarse with the numbing sadness and despair he was feeling over this boy he claimed he loved. How could have he done this to him?

Billy only nodded. "Stay, please," he mumbled before falling back to sleep. And Steve did. He sat there, on the ground, never letting go of Billy's hand and sobbing quietly into the white linen of the hospital bed sheets. Would the excruciating agony of guilt ever cease?